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Maxham & Wing

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[From the National Temperance Advocate.]
THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

Ain't "The Prisoner's Hope."

In a police-cell I lay, thinking of my broken pledge,
And a bright and happy home now lost to me,
And my brain was nearly turned, till my conscience thus
outspoke:

Go sign the pledge and once again be free."

Sign, sign, sign the pledge of freedom,
Clear up, "his never late for good;
And beneath the temperance flag
You can stand erect again,
With the feelings of a sober man fulfilled.

In a bar-room I had stood, where rum's fiercest charge
was made,
And its hundred victims now fill drinkard's graves,
But the excise law has passed and will meet its deadly
raid.

And we'll shout the cry of victory that saves.
Sign, sign, sign, etc.

If within rum's prison-cell you are longing for the day
That will rend the cruel fetters that now bind,
You must sign the temperance pledge—"tis the surest,
only way,
To give freedom to the body and the mind.
Sign, sign, sign, etc.

FLINT AND STEEL.

Looking at me now you can hardly realize
what a gay, wilful, careless girl I was in my
teens, when I was Stella Martin, instead of
"Grandma Flint." I was an only child, and
my parents made an idol of me. Their love
showed itself (the more's the pity) in letting
me have my own way in everything. Short of
my running into fire or water, I do not think
they ever restrained me, and unless it might
have been the most or stars, there was nothing
I cried for that I did not have. When I went
to school I met with resistance and discipline
for the first time, but my gay temper, pretty
looks and coaxing ways made me a favorite
with teachers and scholars, and I soon had my
own way almost as much as ever.

When I was fourteen I declared myself tired
of our quiet village, and persuaded my parents
to let the farm and move to a large town,
where I went to a fashionable school and made
new and gay friends. I enjoyed myself thor-
oughly for nearly four years; then I met a
power that no prayers or persuasions, no tears
or passion of mine could move. The power of
Death. It had never come near me before,
but now it snatched away my dear, gentle, in-
dulgent mother. My grief was so unreasonable
and violent that my heart became affected. I
hated the town and its gossips, and father gladly
took me home to our quiet rural home on the
hill, surrounded by its well-known corn-
fields and pastures, and overlooking the wind-
ing river and straggling village.

There had been many changes in our ab-
sence, but the one that concerned me most was,
that the Greens had moved away from the
farm next door, and it was occupied by a fam-
ily of orphan girls all younger than I, and un-
der the care of a brother, much older. Prissy
Flint, the elder girl, soon came to see me, and
we became fast friends, for she was a tender,
timid, loving little thing, always glad to be
guided, and we were both mournful g our moth-
ers. We were constantly together, for our
homes were only a quarter of a mile apart, and
the path through father's corn-fields and along
the locust tree lane to the Flint orchard was a
very pleasant walk.

The elder brother was away teaching, but
Prissy had a great deal to say about him, and
I soon learned that "brother Edmund" was the
light and law of her life. Every plan, every
opinion, every wish had been formed by, or
must be referred to him. She quoted him,
praised him, referred to him till I was weary
of his name and perfections. She was so un-
able to do anything without his knowledge or
approval that, with my hatred of control and
dictation, I soon took a violent prejudice against
him. It was strengthened by hearing his
praises sung and his opinion deferred to by
every one I met. At sewing circles the girls
would ask me, "Haven't you seen Edmund
Flint yet? What a pity! You'll be sure to
admire him. But you needn't expect he'll ad-
mire you; he's as cold as ice. Even you can't
break his heart, Stella." "He hasn't any
heart to break," said another. "Oh, yes he
has, but Stella isn't the kind for him. She
isn't good nor steady enough."

"She went down to carry on in the singing
seats when he gets home," said Sally Bowers.
"And why not, pray?" I retorted, losing
patience at last.

"Well, you try and you'll find out—that's
all," was the reply.
"Oh don't," implored little Polly Colby—
Edmund Flint's as good as a minister. He
makes us all behave."

"I shall not be afraid of him. I shall do
just as I please."

"He won't let you go with Prissy then."

"One would think he was a king, by the
way you talk," I returned, scornfully. "I shall
not bow to him, you will see. And now do
let's talk of something else. As usual, my will
prevailed. I had always been the queen and
leader before I went away, and now, with my
town dresses and manners, I had easily re-
sumed my sceptre. Spring and summer passed
away; I had recovered my old health and
spirits; Prissy and I were more intimate than
ever, and her brother was still absent. One
Sunday morning I waited for her to call for
me as usual on her way to church; waited till
it was late, then hurried on alone, and, ar-
riving heated and annoyed, found her in her
place in the choir, and the 'long prayer' be-
gan. I was irreverent then, and began to ques-
tion her at once, but she only colored, and put
her finger imploringly on her lips. Not a word
would she speak till the prayer was over, and
then only a hurried whisper.

"Don't, Stella, please; brother's here, and
he never likes me to talk in church time."

I threw back my head scornfully, and caught
a glimpse of a tall figure and a grave, brown
face in the tenor row. I was careful not to
look that way again.

He should see that I, at least, took no in-
terest in him, the conceited tyrant; but I
couldn't help listening for his voice with great
curiosity when the singing began. With all
my wish to find fault I could only admire its
perfect sweetness and wonderful flexibility and
compass. This only irritated me the more,
and I determined to plague him. If I couldn't
make Prissy talk I would make her laugh, and
as soon as the sermon was fairly under way I
began to draw caricatures in my hymn-book
and show them to her. I was very clever with
my pencil, and soon had the poor girl in an ag-
ony of suppressed laughter, and could hear her
brother moving uneasily.

I rejoiced, but not long, for a hand was
placed on my shoulder, and a stern, handsome
face bent down between us, whispered a few
words that changed her laughter into remorse-
ful tears. Not another look would she give at
my sketches. I was not to be so easily put
down, and soon had a new one passing around
among the more reckless members of the choir.

Presently Dick Price, the minister's son, a
wild romp of a boy, leaned over and said,—"Let's
see the fun, Stella," and some one
handed the book toward him. Hardly had he
grasped it, when I heard that new voice, quick,
low, and decided.

VOL. XX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1866.

NO. 5.

"Give it to me, Dick; are you not ashamed
of yourself? If you have no reverence for
God's house, you might, at least, have some
regard for your father."

I felt that the book was surrendered, and an
utter silence fell upon the gallery; and I knew
that for that day at least, my power had gone
to my rival.

Mortified and angry, I sat through the re-
mainder of the services, and almost hated my
own voice when I found how beautifully it
blended with his in the last hymn. Part of
the music was arranged for two voices, and,
either in mischief or compliment to our superi-
ority it was left to the new comer and me. I
knew I was doing wonderfully; but through the
plaintive minor strain, and along the old
swinging fugue, and out into the burst of glad
triumph at the close, went ever with mine in
perfect harmony; that clear, strong, vibrating
tenor, soaring and falling and floating, strength-
ening, surrounding and perfecting mine.

After it was over I remembered my anger
and its cause, and, not wishing to encounter the
remarks of the girls, I would not stay for Sun-
day school, but went home without even speak-
ing to Prissy. In the afternoon I did not feel
in spirits for any active mischief, but took sat-
isfaction in pretending to sleep all through the
sermon, and in avoiding Prissy's gentle at-
tempts at reconciliation.

In the evening I wandered restlessly out to
walk, but I had hardly left the gate when I saw
Prissy and her brother coming. They were
talking earnestly, but I had time to spring back
and crouch behind some lilac bushes before they
passed. Then I heard her soft voice pleading:

"But she is so bright and gay, so pretty and
witty, and fond of me! Oh, brother!"

How my face burned as he replied:
"Beauty without gentleness, wit without
reverence, intelligence without discretion. Such a
character I can never admire, and I cannot
think her a desirable mate for my dear little
sister."

I started up in angry tears and watched
them as they walked away. I knew that timid
little Prissy would give me up, but it was not
she I watched so keenly, but her tall, manly
brother, with his firm step, dark curly hair,
cold brown eyes, and resolute expression.

There was nothing I could do spite or ridicule.
I had to acknowledge to myself that he was
more attractive than any young man in the
town—one any girl might be proud of—and he
had decided that I, the Queen of the village,
was unfit to be his sister's friend—I, who had
been petted and courted all my life, in the place
where he was a comparative stranger! From that
moment a wild contradiction of feeling with
regard to him possessed me—a determination
to hate and defy, and a wild longing to gain his
good opinion. "Such a character I can never
admire," often rung in my ears, and stimulated
now one and now the other of these feelings—"Beauty without gentleness, wit without rever-
ence, intelligence without discretion!"—Often
and often, in self-humiliation, I would own
it was true; and again I would passionately as-
sure myself that he was hard and unjust.

We were constantly meeting in the choir, at
singing school, sewing-circles, sleigh-rides, and
all the village gatherings; but I had carefully
avoided being introduced. Occasionally cir-
cumstances had compelled him to pick up my
book or hand me a chair, but the civility was
always coldly offered and haughtily accepted.
Prissy had gone away to school.

Many weeks passed by, and my power and
popularity waned, and Edmund's steadily in-
creased. One afternoon in November, I went
to help decorate the school-house for some ex-
hibition or concert we were to have, to raise
money for the church. He was not there, so I
had a merry time, and, being interested, stayed
until all were gone except Bill and Sally Bowers.
It was getting dark, and Sally ran home for
another candle, our only one being low. All
was done but the motto over the door, and that
was nearly finished, when the evergreen gave
out. Ben hurried into the woods for more,
leaving me alone for a few moments. I thought
I would hang up the letter O we had just made;
so slinging it over my arm, and taking the can-
dle in my hand, I climbed the ladder, and had
just adjusted all to my satisfaction, when my
feet somehow slipped, jerking me downward so
suddenly that the sleeve of the arm I was hold-
ing above my head caught on a big nail and was
held fast, while my left hand, which held the
candle, was thrown against the crisp wreath,
and they blazed up in an instant all around my
face and fingers.

I could not free my right arm; every time I
tried seemed to fix the stout sleeve more firmly,
and only made the ladder tremble more dan-
gerously under me.

"Ben! Ben!" I shrieked, "Come quick!
quick! I'm in trouble!" And then I heard a
man's step and voice close by.

"Take the candle," I cried, "and then get
up here, somehow, and lift me down. My
sleeve is caught, and I can't move, and the lad-
der is slipping!"

The candle was snatched in a moment, and
I heard one of the desks wrenched up,
dragged below me, and some one tall springing
upon it clasped my waist with strong, steady
hands, lifted me, freed my sleeve, and as the
ladder fell from under my feet, held me close in
his arms and jumped lightly to the floor.

For one dizzy moment my head leaned against him,
while the blazing wall, the dim rows of desks,
and the wintry twilight landscape beyond the
open door, blurred together and then were gone.

But the cold air revived me soon, and open-
ing my eyes I looked up and found, with a
start, Edmund Flint's dark face, softened and
anxious, bending over me.

"Is it you?" I exclaimed, with ungrateful
emphasis.

"Yes, it is I," he said, and his face became
as cold as usual, as I straightened myself and
stood away from him.

For a moment we looked full and haughtily
into each other's eyes, then mine fell, mastered,
and I trembled as I said:

"Thank you for helping me so quickly and
kindly. I don't know what I should have done,
I am very much indebted to you."

He only bowed and went back to tear down
and trample out the burning wreaths, while I
went out and set on the door-step waiting for
Ben and Sally, for I felt too weak to go home,
and my burned hand pained me cruelly. Pres-
ently he joined me.

"You mustn't sit here; you will get co-

Take my arm, and I will go home with you."
"I prefer to wait here for Sally and Ben."
"Then I shall stay with you." He sat be-
side me.

"Why didn't you drop that candle?"
"Because it would have set fire to those
pine boughs and then to the ladder."

"That was very brave and thoughtful of
you. Did your hand get burned much? Let
me see it." His quiet, authoritative air an-
noyed me. I said nothing but concealed my
hand under my shawl.

"Do you hate me so much that you had
rather suffer than let me help you? I wonder
you let me lift you down."

"I thought it was Ben."

"And you were angry when you saw who it
was?"

"Yes."

"You are very honest at all events. I sup-
pose you will not deny that you dislike me?"

"No."

"Perhaps you will also tell me why?"

"If you choose to hear."

"I do."

"Because, then, you took away from me the
love of the only girl I cared for. I was moth-
erless and lonely, but you thought me unfit for
her. You shamed me before all the choir, and
you told Prissy I had 'beauty without gentle-
ness, wit without reverence, intelligence without
discretion.'"

He turned red and pale as I vehemently
spoke.

"Did my sister tell you that?"

"No, I heard you as you passed my gate,
and I have disliked you ever since."

"You had reason to," he said gravely, "and
I thank you for giving me an opportunity of
saying that I am very sorry I judged you so
harshly from one interview. It was wrong of
me, and I beg your pardon. I have now seen
you truly brave, thoughtful and honest. I
never saw a girl before that was all of these;
and you must allow me to say, now that we are
speaking frankly, that I admire you as much
now as I disliked you that Sunday. I did take
Prissy away because I saw she would do wrong
rather than offend you, and I was afraid to
have it so. I know you have thought me hard
and tyrannical?"

I nodded.

"We can call ourselves equal then as to first
impressions; but I hope that is past now—
Please let me look at your hand."

His frankness and simplicity, his apology and
praise had altogether disarmed me. I was in
much pain, too, and held out my hand at once.
He was shocked at its appearance, and going
quickly to the spring behind the school-house
brought back a quantity of soft, wet moss, in
which he gently wrapped it. Ben now ap-
peared; he had lost the path, and wandered
away, and was astonished and concerned at my
adventure; but I saw his red cheeks shine
when I had to let Edmund pin my shawl, tie
my hood, and go home with me, while he re-
mained to repair damages and explain to Sal-
lie.

From that night Edmund perseveringly
sought me, in spite of the coldness and rudeness
my pride often led me to assume, for fear he
should suspect the power he was fast gaining
over me. People began to gossip about it; the
village was divided. Some said it would be
a match, others declared that as "Stella had
never minded any body, and Edmund had al-
ways been obeyed, it was impossible."

But love made it possible. Long afterward
he told me that at the moment he took me in
his arms, "so small and delicate" (he used to
say), "but so fearless and spirited; when I
felt your proud little head sink on my shoulder,
I felt I should through my heart that you were
for me, and faults and all, I loved you as my
own from that time."

With me it was different. I felt his power
from the first, but I was too haughty and wilful,
impatient of control and proof, to yield easily
even to love. He was naturally imperious and
stern, and had no understanding of caprice or
impulse. His life was ruled by principle and
religion, and I often shocked him, and he often
hurt me. Many a weary discussion we had,
and many a stormy interview—for we were as
different as possible, and yet we loved each
other dearly all the time. The boys and girls
loved to get us together. "Here come Flint
and Stella," they would say;—"now we shall
have knocks and sparks."

At last one June evening, Edmund called
at the door and asked me to come out to the
gate a moment. I went, and there by the lilac
bush where I had crouched nine months be-
fore, stood Prissy, whom I had not spoken to
since. She sprang into my arms and cried for
joy. I gave one proud glance at her brother,
which he met so imploringly that I returned
her kisses and wept too. Then we had a long
talk, all three, and agreed to forgive and for-
get, and be the best of friends forever and ever.

By-and-by I walked home with Prissy, and
Edmund returned with me. The locust-trees
along the lane were in bloom, and the night air
was heavy with their sweetness. You know
now, Annie, why I have always loved it, for it
brings back to me that pleasant summer even-
ing, when my true, brave lover, the noblest man
I ever knew on God's earth, offered me the
treasure of his love; me, the vain, undisciplined
child, so little worthy to have won it. And I
did not appreciate it even then; happy as it
made me, proud as I was of it, I often tried
to the utmost, and gave him and myself many
bitter hours before I learned the lesson that
the girl who does not love well enough to obey,
does not love well enough to marry.

Of course I do not mean when points of con-
science are concerned; that is another thing;
but outside of that, in every engagement and
every marriage, questions of expediency, prefer-
ence and judgment will arise, and blessed and
happy then is she who loves well enough to
find submission easy. But, as I said before, I
had to learn this lesson by suffering. We were
engaged two years, and besides many minor
quarrels, we twice came very near parting for-
ever because of my wicked, haughty determi-
nation to do my own way and accept neither
advice nor reproach.

Once when we were on the river with a party
of others, I persisted in going where the ice was
thin because Edmund had said, in his quiet, ab-
solute way, "You mustn't go beyond the bend,
Stella." I made no answer. When he was
gone I heard the girls laughing and saying I
had found my master at last; and one jeeringly
said I didn't dare go, and was quite as meek as

Prissy now. Stung by her foolish words, I
flung myself away from Prissy and slid boldly
out upon the forbidden place. One moment of
exultation and then the ice cracked, quivered,
and, as a wild scream came from the girls, I
went down into the death-cold river. Ben
Bowers flung himself flat near the opening, and
caught my cloak as I came up, and then, with
fence-rails placed across, they managed to help
me out; and the first thing I saw was poor
Prissy flat on the ground in a faint, and Ed-
mund running toward us whiter than she was.

You can imagine how ashamed I was. But
he never reproached me by a word, and after a
week of sickness and gentleness, I was as gay
and naughty as ever.

At another time I was invited to go on a
sleighing party with Frank Prescott, a hand-
some, reckless fellow, an old admirer of mine.
Edmund had never approved of him, and he
said at once he could not allow me to go. I
declared I should not consult him; he was jeal-
ous and tyrannical; and I intended to go. At
last he said if I did we must part, and I said,
"Very well."

I went. Frank was sober when we started;
but when we stopped at the Halfway House,
and had a dance and refreshments, I saw what
I had to expect, but was too proud to say a
word, even to Prissy, who had come with her
brother. When we started to return my part-
ner was so intoxicated he could not drive. I
took the reins and drove desperately fast, for I
was now really frightened. Hardly had we
left the other sleighs behind when Frank threw
his arm around me and kissed me again and
again with his hot, hateful lips. I screamed as
loudly as I could, lost all control of the horse,
who plunged up a bank and threw us both out
into the deep snow. I scrambled up unharmed
just as Edmund and Prissy overtook us, and
with tears of anger and shame told my story—
It was some consolation to have Edmund drag
my tormentor by the collar to my feet, and
make him repeat the humblest apology before
he was flung back, sobered, into the drift. But
all the way home, while I was crying in Prissy's
arms, I had no word or look from my lover—
Stern and silent he sat. It was a terrible ride,
and ended in a cold "Good-night" at my door.

I was heart-broken all the next day, and
finally subdued my pride and sent a line, ask-
ing him to come to me. We had a long, so-
ber talk, I wanted to be forgiven and petted
at once, but he said No. How noble and un-
selfish he was. I can remember his quiet,
firm, sad tone as he told me that, though he
loved me more than his life, though I filled his
heart, though with all my faults he loved my
very look and tone, and could not be happy
without me, yet he feared that he was un-
suited to me—that I did not love him well
enough to bear with his stern temper and so
we had best part. I saw that he was in ear-
nest; that he sincerely preferred my happiness
to his own, and was resolute; though his face
was pale with pain as he refused my caresses
and coaxing. O, how little and poor and mean
and unworthy I felt—how senseless my past
willfulness!

In that moment a new and great love filled
my heart; I felt a thrill of assurance that to be
guided by him would make me happier than to
rule a world. That under the sway of his love,
controlled as it always was by high principle
and wise judgment, I should be more content
than if left to my own caprices.

At last I made him understand this, and then
we were blessed indeed; and through the forty
years of our married life there was never again
more than a momentary cloud between us—
Had he been of a mean or tyrannical nature,
we should have quarreled more and more; but
he proved so noble, patient and just, that it be-
came my pride and joy to acknowledge his au-
thority.

When God called him from me, twenty
years ago, when the brave, clear voice was only
a fluttering whisper, and his once strong arm
could not lift the weary hand that lay so light
in mine, he told me:—

Stella, you have been the joy of my life; if
I could live it over I would alter nothing in
you; I would only serve God better and love
you more. And then God's gates were opened
for him, and I was left desolate, only praying
that I might follow soon; but the Lord willed
that I should live on, long past my beloved,
past all my early friends—past strength and
usefulness and sight, but not past memory—
That gives me still my youth, my husband, and
all those happy years.

A REPORT ON AFFAIRS IN UTAH.—The
House committee on Territories, in their report
on Utah affairs, say the United States laws are
defiantly violated; that armed force is neces-
sary to preserve peace, but they do not deem it
advisable to divide the Territory and annex it
to adjacent States and Territories. Nor do they
favor a military government, but propose to
postpone any recommendation until Decem-
ber next. Witnesses testified that hostility to
the United States is taught by Brigham Young
and those faithful to him. Gen. Connor be-
lieves the leaders authorize and justify home-
icide. A special order issued by Brigham
Young was put in evidence, directing that 80
teams belonging to Gen. Johnston's com-
mand should be massacred. Fortunately the
man designated to execute the order revolted
at the atrocity and placed the original order in
the hands of a federal officer.

HOTTEST WEATHER FOR EIGHTY-NINE
YEARS.—Professor Loomis of Yale College
wrote as follows on the 18th:

This afternoon, my thermometer, suspended
in the shade upon the north side of the New
Haven Hotel, indicated 102 3/4 degrees, being
the highest temperature known to have been
observed in New Haven since 1778—a period
of 89 years. The highest temperature record-
ed, before the present season was 102 degrees,
viz, June 24, 1864.

A late Mobile dispatch states that a sloop
was overhauled in the bay by the United
States cutter, with 150 negroes aboard, on the
way to Cuba to be sold into slavery. They had
been collected at employment offices in Louis-
ville, Nashville and Memphis.

General Thomas has declined the present
of a fine residence purchased for him in Nash-
ville at a cost of \$60,000, and requested that
the money be added to the Soldiers' Widow
and Orphan Fund,—rather a good thing in
Thomas.

THE UNCUT DIAMOND.

On a voyage homeward from India, a child
was found playing in the cabin with what ap-
peared to be pebbles. On being asked where
she got them, she replied, "From father's little
box." A closer examination proved that the
supposed pebbles were uncut diamonds of great
value. Diamonds in the rough do not make a
very attractive appearance. They do not sparkle,
and yet they have great value.

Has not the reader seen some uncut diamonds
among his acquaintances?

There is Mr. X.—His hand when you
take it, is almost as hard as the hoof of the
oxen who are his companions through so many
working days in the year. His boots are very
heavy, and have encrusted on them specimens
of the different soils on his farm and the vicinity.
A wag once suggested, when a professor of
agricultural chemistry sent to that part of the
country for specimens of soil for analysis,
that Mr. X.'s boots should be sent to the pro-
fessor. His movements are by no means charac-
terized by grace, and in general his appear-
ance is somewhat removed from ornamental.

And yet, if there is a poor man or woman
in the township in trouble, Mr. X. seemed to
have an instinctive knowledge of it, and the
heavy boots might be seen stamping along
towards the scene of trouble, bearing along a
somewhat unbecoming body, but within it as warm
a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. His
visits were always welcome. They were never
visits of ceremony and mere verbal condolence.

On a certain occasion, owing to the state
of the country, there was a falling off in the re-
ceipts of the Missionary Society, and there was
danger that the schools for heathen children
would be disbanded, and some of the mis-
sionaries recall A collector called on Mr. X.
It was not necessary that he should state the
facts of the case. "I have been expecting you
for some time," said Mr. X. This thing ought
to be attended to. I have finally concluded
that I could part with that cow yonder, and I
sold her. I expect the man who bought her to
bring the money and take her away to-day. As
soon as I get the money, you shall have it."

"How much shall I put you down for?"
said the collector.

"I sold the cow for forty dollars."

"How much of it goes to the cause?"

"How much? why, all of it."

"Can you conveniently spare it all?"

"No; but that's not the question. The cow
belongs to the Lord, and I think He wants the
money she will bring. My convenience has
nothing to do with it. I don't hold that we are
to put the Lord off with the odds and ends of
things, and serve Him only when it is perfectly
convenient for us to do so—when we have
nothing else to do."

The children were very fond of visiting Mr.
X. In haying time, when school was out, there
would be a rush toward Mr. X.'s meadow;
and when the cart, loaded with hay, was slowly
drawn by the oxen towards the barn, a half
dozen young heads might be seen emerging
from the hay on the top of the load, like the
heads of birds in the nest.

Winter evenings, parties of children would
assemble at his kitchen fireside, and they were
quite as much interested in his kind words and
stories as in the great red apples with which
they were treated.

A great many other facts might be stated, all
going to show that Mr. X. was a diamond in
the rough. A child once said of him, "When
Mr. X. goes to heaven, he will leave his boots
and every thing behind him, and he will be
handsome then." Children speak the truth
quite as often as grown persons.

CEMENT FOR KNIFE HANDLES.—(1) Lay
a piece of alum on the stove, and when melted
roll the knife shank in it and immediately thrust
it firmly into the handle. It will soon be
ready for use.

(2) Fine brick dust stirred into melted resin
and used hot will fix knife and fork handles
firmly.

(3) Mix equal parts of wood ashes and com-
mon salt, with water enough to make a mortar.
Fill the handles with this, and then drive in the
shank, and let it dry. I also fixed a stove
spud in this way, and it is very tight.

[American Agriculturist.]

GOOD HOME-MADE INK.—(1) Take 1-2
ounces nutgalls, fine ground; 1 oz. gum arabic;
1 oz. copperas (sulphate of iron); 3 gills rain-
water; 1-2 gill cider vinegar. Put the nut-
galls, water, and vinegar in a quart bottle; let
it stand 2 or 3 days, shaking it well each day.
Strain the mixture, rinse the bottle, return the
strained liquid, and add the gum and copperas.
Two or three pieces of crushed sugar, the size
of a hickory nut, will give the ink a gloss.
[Much sugar will make it sticky.—Ed.]

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 3, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

F. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

FOR GOVERNOR.

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Kennebec County Nomination

Senators—GEO. W. PERKINS, Hallowell.
THOS. B. REED, Wayne.
JOS. T. WOODWARD, Sidney.
Sheriff—CHAS. HEWINS, Augusta.
Co. Com'r.—M. ROLLINS, Jr., Albion.

ON THE WING.

FLY TO THE SECOND DEGREE.

We do not claim to be a very enthusiastic fisherman; and learning on the second morning of our stay, that the good boat Quickstep would that day make a trip to Portland, we concluded to take passage in her and leave the Doctor to pursue his sport alone or enjoy himself with his friends at the Seaside.

"Sharp seven," was the hour fixed for starting, by Capt. Randlette; but a majority of the party being ladies we did not get under way until after eight o'clock. It was a lovely morning, and as we looked about we whispered with Herbert—

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bride of the earth and sky."

Indeed, in one particular this description was only too perfect; for having lost the best part of the morning breeze, we had but a cat-paw at starting, and even this soon died away and we lay for half an hour or so in a dead calm—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The Captain, however, did everything possible for our comfort—spread his awning to protect us from the sun; made some lemonade encouraged us with the promise of a fair wind immediately; whistled (and that proving ineffectual, finally, at the jocose suggestion of one of the ladies, swore mildly for a breeze. This came in a little while, gently at first, but with a gradual increase of strength; and after passing the Narrows we bowled merrily along with wind and tide in our favor, past Hope Island, Great Chebeague, Little Chebeague, Long Island, Cow Island, Diamond Cove on Hog Island, (a veritable jewel in a swine's snout), and a dozen more, the names of which we cannot recall, but each with a charm and beauty of its own.

We mark this day of our life with a white stone, as one of the most delightful we ever passed, and the memory of which will be green until the last hold of earth is severed. For years we had had a strong desire to cruise among the green isles of Casco Bay, and at this time it was gratified under the most favorable circumstances.

Our party consisted of two ladies (who with their children were temporary sojourners at the Mansion House) bound to the city on a shopping excursion; the wife and daughter of a skipper of a fishing craft, out on a similar errand; but who were to meet the husband and father at Portland, and return in his vessel; Capt. Randlette, on duty; and myself, out for a pleasant time and in search of the picturesque. A half dozen persons confined in a boat for any length of time cannot well be otherwise than social; and the cabin, with its heat and cheerful accompaniments, thawed out even the frigid Junior, who is generally well content to play the part of listener. Acquaintance progresses rapidly oftentimes by a sort of triangulation; strangers whom you meet are found to be friends of your friends; or they have pleasant recollections of the village in which you live, and your heart is warmed to hear it praised because you love it and are proud of it. We found this true at that time, and tried to contribute our share toward the entertainment of the company and to make some slight return for the courtesy and kindness so freely bestowed.

The ladies were experienced campaigners, and had "roughed it" enough to accept philosophically the minor trials and accidents of life; and mindful of the possible exigencies of the voyage, they had provided a spacious and well stored box of provisions, seated around which we grew companionable, while each contributed his or her share of anecdote, incident, philosophy or sentiment.

Jewell's Island, one of the seaward isles, of which we caught sight as we passed along, is very appropriately named, according to the account given us by the Skipper's wife; for she told us that that noted pirate of the olden time, Capt. Kidd, had hidden three pots of his stolen treasure there, one of which had been found

within a few years. "Was this known to be true or was it a mere flying report?" was the inquiry of some one of the company. "Well," said she, "I will tell you what I know." And then she proceeded to relate that a few years ago, (the precise time we have forgotten, and it is not essential,) an old man, poorly clad, hump-backed and rough-looking—"a real old codger," she termed him—came to her house and requested to be taken over to Jewell's Island. She told him that none of the men folks were about home, but that at another house, to which she directed him, he would find men and boats, which would no doubt be placed at his service as from his representation his errand was urgent. At his request she then furnished him with a meal of victuals, as she would have done for any hungry beggar, putting no confidence in his repeated assurances that at some future time, not far distant, he would return and reward her liberally for her kindness. She thought no more of the old man or his promises, until several weeks afterwards, when he suddenly appeared at her door, looking just as bad as ever, and informed her that he had come to pay for the meal she had furnished him some time before. She assured him, as she had at his first visit, that she wanted nothing; he was entirely welcome to what she had provided for him. "Ah, but I am hungry again," said he; "let me have another dinner and I will pay you well for both." Accordingly she again set food before him, and her heart being moved with pity for the poor old man, told him, as before, that he was welcome. When he had finished, however, he insisted on paying her, and tendered her a five-dollar gold piece. "But I have no change," protested the woman. "I want no change," answered the old man; "I have enough more of the same sort now, and I wish you to keep it for your kindness to me when I was in need." With a curiosity very pardonable, under the circumstances, and no more characteristic of woman than of man, she questioned him rather closely in regard to his affairs; but only learned that he belonged "up country." Inquiry in other quarters, however, elicited the following facts, upon which each one can put his own interpretation. On the occasion of his first visit the old man had been transported to Jewell's Island, as he requested, by the neighbor to whom he was referred; borrowing some tools of a resident with whom he took up his abode, he spent his nights roaming over the island, digging here and there, but never allowed any one to witness his operations. When followed, as he was several times, he was always found on the *qui vive*, no matter how dark the night. "I knew you was coming," he would say, "as soon as you left the house, and have been watching for you ever since." He continued this nightly employment for several weeks, and finally borrowed a boat and went over to Eagle Island, which is near by but uninhabited. The next day, at his request, he was returned to the main land, refusing to answer any questions as to his business or his success. A week or two after his departure, a strange vessel was one day noticed near Eagle Island, from which a small boat put off for the island and soon returned, after which the vessel sailed away and was seen no more. Shortly after this last event, our good friend had her second call from her "old codger;" and she religiously believes that he found a pot of Kidd's hidden treasure and transported it to Eagle Island for safe keeping, from which he afterward took it on board of the strange vessel seen hovering near. She may be right; but as we remembered the doings of the "Hard-Muff Mining Co.," and its numerous victims, we thought it might all have been a shrewdly contrived scheme to gull the flats and make a market for shares in those two pots of treasure yet unopened.

Landing at Ingraham's stairs, each went about his or her business. For ourselves we took a ramble through the city, and found the same crowd of visitors viewing the ruins, and thousands of workmen busily at work clearing away the rubbish. On every hand was heard the "sound of hammers"—not "closing rivets up," but—driving nails and cleaning brick. Portland may be a little wilted, and no wonder after the severe scorching she got; but there is evidence that abundant vitality yet remains to rebuild the waste places and fill them with life and beauty.

Promptly at the hour agreed upon we reported to the Captain; but the ladies, as they are privileged to do, kept the impatient masculines waiting for an hour and a half. Nobody lost their temper, however, even though we were compelled to resort to an "ish breeze" when within a mile of home, in consequence of the delay in starting. "Did you see a whale?"—that was the first question a little fellow put to us on our return. Well, we did. Going up we sighted a porpoise, and on our return a grampus whale coming in through the Narrows and under our bow, went into a cove in Great Chebeague, rolling and blowing and looking "very like a whale" in pictures. It was probably the same one that so narrowly escaped capture in Portland harbor a day or two afterward; and Capt. Randlette was so excited by this rare chance to "strike it," that he offered as much for a whaleboat and harpoon as the hump-back tyrant promised for "a horse."

Sunday we made strictly a day of rest, failing to visit the little church, about a mile away, by mistaking the time of holding the single service. Monday afternoon we again made a quick run to Portland, on board the Quickstep, intending to take the steamer for Bangor and reach home the next day. But we found we could not make the connection, and as our companion's call to return was imperative, we thought we would return to Seaside, ride up to Brunswick and take the cars there instead of at Portland. We therefore re-embarked on board of the Quickstep; but the fates were

against us, and the light wind with which we started left us almost immediately. After running a race with the Breakwater Light House for awhile, and losing ground every minute, we tied up to a buoy and held a council of war. As the Captain had placed his boat at our disposal, we decided not to desert him, but to stick by the ship and "stand watch and watch." After making everything snug and secure, like a prudent navigator, hanging a light in the rigging, etc., he stowed himself away in the bunt of the mainsail, surrendering his cabin to us. The Doctor fished for an hour or two, and was rewarded by one glorious nibble; while, wrapped in a blanket, we watched the stars as they came into the deep blue above, and listened to the notes of a clearly-blown bugle as they came to us across the water, softened and mellowed by the distance. A cracked female voice, too, came to us from a vessel lying off in the stream, and in a long song told us—

"Conservin' a fair dancin'
Who in London did dwell;"

and she reiterated—

"Conservin' a fair dancin',
And the truth you shall hear,
Who was courted and courted
For many a long year."

At the sound of tattoo at Fort Probie we turned in and were soon rocked to sleep by the imprisoned spirits of the waters.

Hearing a steamer in the night, we roused up to find the Bangor boat passing down between us and Breakwater Light, and our boat rocking uneasily at its tether, in consequence of the swell she made. We went back to our sleep, from which we awakened to find a thick fog on the water, and one of the Boston boats hoarsely whistling outside for signals to enable her to enter the harbor. She soon made her appearance, her decks black with passengers, and as she swept gracefully round to her wharf we rowed the Quickstep in to the landing, and our voyage was ended.

That day we made a straight line for home by rail; but as we rode along in the heat and dust, beneath a broiling sun, we cast longing and lingering glances at the cool blue bay in the distance, and wished ourself again on board the good boat Quickstep, with Capt. Randlette, speeding back to the spruce-crowned knoll at Seaside, of which we shall ever cherish pleasant recollections.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK at Waterville College.

Sunday evening, Aug. 5th.—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. Dr. Hague, of Boston.

Monday evening.—Prize Declaration of the Junior Class.

Tuesday, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M., at the Baptist Church, the exercises of Class-day.—Oration by F. W. Bakeman, Poem by H. P. McKusick; after which the usual exercises at the class tree on the college grounds.

Tuesday evening.—Anniversary exercises of the Literary Societies. Oration by Rev. J. M. Manning, of Boston, Poem by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, of Newton Centre.

Wednesday A. M.—The usual exercises of the graduating class, to close with a concert on Wednesday evening by Bond's Band of Boston, assisted by Miss Lucy Carroll, of Waterville.

An unusual gathering of military men is expected to be present, to take action upon some fitting memorial for the sons of the College who have fallen in the war. Altogether a literary festival with more than ordinary inducements is offered to the public.

Flour.—The new wheat crop is coming in bountifully all through the West. Large holders of old wheat and flour are said to be losing sadly. Nothing prevents a large decline in the price of flour at the East but the combined management of the railroads in keeping it back and imposing high profits.

RATHER HARD.—Mr. J. D. Chandler, a well known stable keeper in this place, let a horse and wagon to a Frenchman to go to Canada, a week or ten days ago, and finds that horse, wagon, harness and whip are now in the hands of revenue officers, for being used in smuggling liquors. He says he has spent seventy-five dollars in efforts to recover them, but without success. Of course there is legal remedy in such cases, and we hope he will find it.

CHANGES IN REAL ESTATE.—H. Percival, Esq., the worthy Cashier of People's Bank, has sold his house at the foot of Elm St., to Mr. G. H. Matthews, and purchased the residence of C. M. Morse, Esq., corner of Elm and Spring streets.

Capt. E. Coffin has returned, we trust, to make a permanent home in Waterville, and has purchased of J. Nye, Esq., the house on the west side of Elm St., nearly opposite Spring St., originally built by Sumner Percival, Esq. Preceptor Hanson, of the Waterville Classical Institute, has purchased the house next north of the Baptist Church, on Elm st., which has for so many years been the residence of Maj. Joseph Marston.

The large and valuable farm of the late Tufton Simpson, just across the river, has been purchased by Messrs. D. L. Milliken, G. A. Phillips and Jas. Wall.

THE COMMENCEMENT BALL, on Wednesday evening next, must not be overlooked by those interested. Those who attend will be sure of dancing to good music, and the managers will no doubt see that all the other arrangements shall be equally satisfactory.

The Unitarian Society, (Dr. Sheldon's), who have occupied Town Hall for several years, will close their religious exercises there on Sunday next. After a few weeks vacation they will dedicate their new church, which is nearly completed—probably early in September. The Sabbath School exercises will be suspended till after the dedication.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August offers a variety of interesting articles. "How my New Acquaintance Spin" is an interesting account of the silk-producing spiders of South Carolina—their discovery, habits, and uses,—by Dr. Wilder. "What did she see with?" is a very singular story founded on facts, well known to the inhabitants of—Mass. "The Great Doctor, Part II," gives the conclusion of Miss Alice Carr's absorbing and touching story. "A Manic's Confession," is the gossip of a book-lover about rare editions of famous authors. "Passages from Hawthorne's Notebook" give continued sketches of Hawthorne's life in the old Manor at Concord. From the "Chimney-Corner" Mrs. Stowe discourses of party-giving and party-going, and how to get out of both very gracefully and pleasantly. "London Forty Years Ago," contains John Neal's recollections of remarkable events, scenes, and persons in the English capital. "A Year in Montana," is a very entertaining paper, by Hon. Edward B. Neely, U. S. District Attorney of Montana, giving his observations of gold-mining and miners at Virginia and other points in the territory. Prof. Agassiz contributes another graphic article on the Physical History of the Valley of the Amazon. "Griffith Gaunt" is continued, and fine poems are furnished by James Russell Lowell and Bayard Taylor.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for August has the usual large and elegantly colored fashion plate, with a four-page sheet full of figures illustrating the latest styles of dresses, bonnets, etc., and a host of smaller engravings of fashionable novelties, and full sized patterns of boys', Knickerbocker suit and low collar, on tissue paper, for cutting. "Armadae" and "The Lady's Mile" are continued, and there are many other interesting stories, and much excellent miscellaneous reading.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—"Going to the Party," in the August number, is a very fine steel engraving, and "Cape May in Full Toilet," contrasted with "Cape May in Bathing Toilet," will not fail to provoke a smile. There is also a handsome colored fashion plate and numerous minor engravings of patterns and designs of the latest novelties, at a piece of music. The reading matter includes continuations of "The Old Mill at Amoskeag," by the author of "Susie L." "Diary," "The Soldier's Orphan," by Mrs. Anna S. Stephens. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

A GOOD NUMBER.—The Philosophical Journal for August contains Portraits of Benj. Franklin, Lewis Cass, C. F. Byrd, Brunell, Mrs. Parkhurst, etc., with articles on Responsibility; Sewing and Reaping; The Servant Question; Getting Married; Writing, the Philosophy of Photography; How to live; Air and Sunlight; Summer, and its Lessons; Over Eating; Head and Body; Man-Monkeys; Insanity, and Religious Excitements; Physiology, Time, Tunc, Veneration, Double Chins, Large Ears, etc. Published by Fowler and Wells, N. Y., at \$2 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—From Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield St., Boston, we have received two pieces of new music, as follows:—

"Glorious News," a new and popular prize temperance song, with chorus and pianoforte accompaniment, by L. C. Emerson, author of several popular music books.

"Waterfall and Frizzes," a new humorous song, with singing chorus, and pianoforte accompaniment, as sung by the Alleghenians.

Sold by all music dealers.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.—The August number of this favorite of our lady friends contains an elegant steel engraving entitled Harvest Time. The fashion plate is a beauty. There are the usual number of wood cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, etc. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banisher," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Abner Forester; "The Dis-tressed Bachelor," (concluded) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, etc. Price \$2.50 a year.

Address Deacon and Peterson, 315 Walnut Street Philadelphia.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for August has a continuation of Sophie May's story of "Wild Oats," with numerous illustrations and several pages of spicy "Chat." This paper at juvenile is published by E. H. Fales, 172 William St., New York, at \$1.50 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—Oliver Optic's new story, "The Club Boat, or the Fairy Archers of Islington," is continued in the August number, which contains many other nice stories for youth, in which lessons of wisdom are pleasantly enforced. As usual, there is also a declamation, for the use of schools, and a dialogue in verse, by Oliver Optic.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.—What we have often said, we will once more repeat—our citizens owe it to the students to give them a good paying house at their next Wednesday evening concert. The entertainment may be said to be for the benefit of the graduating class, their commencement bills being lessened to the extent of the receipts; and the number this year being quite small, their burden will necessarily be individually heavier than usual. During their course of four years the college boys, it must be remembered, give us many free entertainments, literary and musical, and it is but just, that we make some suitable return.

This year the graduating class, with a commendable State pride, started with the plan of relying upon Maine talent; and with this idea they engaged Chandler's Portland Band to provide the instrumental music, and Miss Lucy Carroll, of our own village, as vocalist. The Portland fire scattered the band engaged, and Bond's Band, of Boston, (well and favorably known here by previous performances) was then obtained. The engagement with Miss Carroll, we are pleased to say, holds, and she will contribute her full share to the proposed entertainment. To our friends at home we have nothing to say of our own favorite vocalist, of whom we are all proud; but to those who have never heard her sing we may say confidently that no sweeter singer has ever appeared in Maine. Her recent training under competent instructors in Massachusetts, while it has disciplined her voice, has not robbed it of its simple and peculiar charms. It must be a very difficult audience that she cannot please.

We began with an appeal to our citizens on the score of justice—urging them to a proper return for favors already received; but this was only so far as the students were concerned; the talented performers, let it be understood, need no such plea, and can safely venture before the public on their own merits. Give them a good house; having seen the programme, we are confident that all who attend will be richly repaid for their investment of time and money.

Rev. N. M. Wood, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, and recently of Lewiston, has received and accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Thomaston.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE is safely laid at last, and the two continents are now in hourly communication. Before the war our people would have torn themselves to pieces in frantic demonstrations over this most wonderful achievement of modern science; but these few stirring years have so seasoned them to startling events that the news is received very calmly.

THE EUROPEAN WAR, which according to the latest news by steamer, promised to go on indefinitely, assuming still larger proportions, has suddenly collapsed by the submission of Austria to the demands of her opponents, as we learn by dispatches received through the newly laid cable. Agreeing to certain conditions, among which are the re-establishment of Hungary, the surrender of Venetia, and the retirement of Austria from the German confederation, she obtained an armistice of five weeks which promises to result in lasting peace to Europe.

A BLOODY RIOT occurred in New Orleans on the 30th inst., consequent upon the forcible dispersion of the Union Convention of 1864 by Mayor Munroe, accompanied by the demonstrations of secession sympathisers upon a procession of blacks. Nearly fifty Union men, several of them members of the convention, were killed. The city was placed under martial law by Gov. Baird, who released the members of the convention imprisoned by the Mayor. President Johnson endorses Mayor Munroe.

Disturbances have occurred in London, in consequence of the authorities having forbidden the assembling of an open air reform meeting.

"THE REVELLE," a campaign political paper—the mission of which is to oppose the election of Sidney Perham, in the second district—comes to us from Lexington.

PERCH.—A letter from Winthrop says that white perch are daily caught, in large numbers, and of uncommon size, in Annabesscook Lake. "At least six hundred were taken on Tuesday," says the letter. Of course Mr. Stanton's little steamer is doing a merry business with visitors—so report says, and so it should be.

A party of ladies and gentlemen from this place caught over four bushels of perch in North Pond, one day last week. No wonder, for "Charley" was Capt'n.

The new sail boat "Lilly" has taken her place in the waters of Snow Pond, at West Waterville. She will carry a party of fifty comfortably, and a sail up the pond and among its islands will be one of the most charming imaginable.

The Portland Star tantalizes us with the following "specimen brick" from a poem they have received, pretending that the remainder was crowded out by the arrival of the Atlantic Cable:—

"Now Waterville is up to time,
Skowhegan is not slow;
For each can boast a waterfall,
And that is all the go."

Give us another verse.

Late rains have raised the river, and there is a "fair run of logs." The past week has been a poor one for haying, though a good one for butter and cheese.

VISITORS.—A large number of visitors are now waiting in our village for the various entertainments attending Commencement. There are indications of an unusually large gathering.

Gen. Sheridan prohibits the erection of any monument within the limits of the Military Division of the Gulf, the design of which is to commemorate the late rebellion, and while dissolving all reorganizations of confederate military bodies forbids their formation hereafter.

S. L. B. CHASE, a recent graduate of Newton, and a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '63, has been invited to the pastorate of the Second Parish Church of Bangor.

LABELL FEMALE SEMINARY.—This institution, advertised in another column, is very pleasantly located, and has been under the management of its present principal about two years. Mr. Cushing is a gentleman of large experience as an educator, and for energy and tact has few equals in New England.

OUR LADY READERS Should try J. W. Bradley's Justly Celebrated Duplex Elliptic Skirts, Justly Pronounced by Fashion Magazines and the Press the Most Durable, Economical, and Graceful Skirt ever produced. The "Empress Trail" the Latest Fashion, and "Pride of the World" are the Most Popular Styles in Use.—See Advertisement.

News from Mexico represents the situation of the empire as daily growing more critical. The fall of Matamoros has caused great dismay. The Imperialist newspapers are excited in their discussions of their situation.

The World reports the sailing on last Thursday of a propeller steamer of 800 tons for Matamoros with 8000 revolvers, 4700 rifles and 12 pieces of light artillery, a large quantity of powder, etc., for Juarez's army. Maj. Gen. Low Wallace and Brig. Gen. Stroud, recently of our army, were passengers. Efforts to stop her by the Mexican Imperialists' agents were unsuccessful.

G. M. Delaney, a recruiting agent of Augusta, who in June, 1865, was tried by a court martial at Washington for alleged defrauding of the government, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the New Hampshire State Prison, and to pay a fine of \$45,000, has been unconditionally discharged by order of the President, and his fine remitted.

Havana dates of the 19th state that the Empress of Mexico arrived there on the 17th, on her way to Europe. The Diario del Imperio, the official organ of the empire, says the Empress has gone to Europe to treat upon the interests of Mexico and to arrange several international affairs. She is expected back in November next.

PORTLAND.—There are already upwards of two hundred buildings in process of erection in the burnt district.

WASHINGTON NEWS.—The closing hours of Congress were remarkable for the absence of those scenes of disorder which have frequently disgraced the end of the session.

Some of the most important bills have gone over to the next session. The Bankrupt bill passed the House and was favorably reported in the Senate. The Tariff bill passed the House and is in the hands of the Senate finance committee. The Bingham Wool bill passed the House by a strong vote, but was tabled in the Senate.

The District Suffrage bill of the House did not reach a vote in the Senate. The bill to reduce the interest and fund the public debt passed by the Senate, could not be got up in the House. The Senate bill reorganizing the judiciary of the United States was not reached in the House. No effort was made to pass the Colorado bill over the veto. The Neutrality bill passed the House unanimously, but went to the table in the Senate.

The bill for the admission of Nebraska failed to become a law. The President did not veto it, but simply availed himself of his constitutional privilege to hold it for ten days before acting upon it.

The only bills remaining in the President's hands unsigned are the bills to admit Nebraska and the joint resolution permitting the use of the Fair building by the friends of Ireland. All other bills were signed by the President before he left the Capitol.

It is estimated that the Bounty Bill passed by Congress will add some \$75,000,000 to the national debt.

Two of the new cavalry regiments and four of the infantry regiments are to be composed of negroes, and four of the infantry regiments called the Veteran Reserve Corps, are to be of men who were wounded in the late war, but are still fit for garrison, or light duty.

By the dreaded approach of the Cholera from the East, we are warned to use every precaution against its attacks—and to have by us a remedy for use when we feel the first symptoms of the disease. Such a remedy we have in Dr. Severy's Restorative which was used by one of our most eminent physicians in '49 and '57 with perfect success. There is no record of a single case when this restorative was used, that the patient did not recover, although hundreds were dying about us every day. It is equally efficacious in Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and kindred complaints, and is an article of prime necessity in every family. [Boston Saturday Post.

By the report of the Bath Times we learn that the session of the Grand Division, S. T., held at Carmel, closed July 25th, P. W. P. Kimball of Bangor presiding. The session opened Tuesday evening. One hundred dollars was appropriated for the Portland sufferers, also voted to permit Divisions to admit Ladies to full membership. The order stands about the same as last session.

The Jnl statement of the public debt will, it is said, show a reduction during the month, of about ten millions.

The Lewiston Journal says Dr. Oakes was last week removed from the postmaster's office of Auburn, to make room for Willard Small, a Johnson Copperhead.

General Tilton has made application for authority to place Stewart County, Georgia, under martial law, the civil authorities not having failed to do their duty, but having even joined with rioters in murdering freedmen after they were arrested and bound over. A county judge killed a negro who defended himself against a gang of robbers, and was allowed to escape unpunished.

Ulysses S. Grant has been appointed General of the armies of the United States, and David G. Farragut Admiral of the Navy of the United States. Both nominations were sent to the Senate, taken up in executive session, and at once confirmed by acclamation, and without being referred. The nomination of A. W. Randall as Postmaster-General was also confirmed by a vote of 33 to 5.

The President promoted Major-General Sherman to the vacant Lieutenant-Generalship. The nominations were sent to the senate and immediately confirmed, without reference to any committee. He has also appointed Hancock to the Major-Generalship in the regular army made vacant by the promotion of Sherman, and Ord to the Brigadier-Generalship made vacant by the promotion of Hancock. He has also appointed Thomas P. Eckert, Assistant Secretary of War, in place of Dana, resigned. He has been acting Assistant Secretary for a long time.

What becomes of the tons of fat tried out of the ten thousand horses that yearly give up the ghost in New York, Boston, and those other giant cities; also the dog tallow, and the grease of those vast bone-boiling establishments that make the Hudson reek like another river of Sodom? What becomes of it? Ask the Soap-boilers of those cities. Yet some people cannot resist their tea, unless their cups are rinsed in New York or Boston soap suds. Buy the Steam Refined Soaps made of the sweet suet of Maine oxen.

Thousands who have tested Dr. BICKNELL'S SYRUP, for Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Pain or Cramp in Stomach or Bowels, unite in their testimony that there is nothing equal to it. Safe and sure for young or old. Try it and your report will be likewise.

Bogus
All "foreign scents" are bogus past all doubt, The present tariff shuts the genuine out. Just read the law, its clauses are imperious—The one real perfume is "Night Blooming Cereus." Manufactured by Phalon & Son, N. Y. Sold everywhere.

Union National Convention
The Voters of the several towns in this Congressional District, who support the policy of President Johnson are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held in the town Hall in Waterville, on Thursday the 9th day of August, instant, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of choosing delegates to represent this District in the Union National Convention to be held at Philadelphia, on the 14th day of August, instant.

S. HEATH
D. W. MOOR,
T. B. DOOLITTLE.

Waterville, Aug. 2d, 1866.

[Ken. Jour. & Bath Times please copy.]

NEW CHURCH MUSIC.

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 DO NOT BEND OR BREAK like the single
 they are both Durable, Economical and Stylish.
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This Stove has a ventilated oven which can be used *sepa*

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Containing no opium, it is adapted to every age, and may be used without fear of the dangerous results which follow the use of many of the Cough preparations of which opium and pectate are the base.

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READER & PHILLIPS, Agents.

36

KENNEDY COURT.—At a Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1865.

M. U. GARIAND late of Winslow in Mohave County, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said deceased for payment of debts, &c., viz: Lands purchased by deceased of George Wiley, with buildings thereon, containing about five acres, situated in said Winslow:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Middle of said County, to all persons claiming an interest in said premises, to appear at a Court of Probate then to be held at August, and show cause, if any, why the grant of said petition should not be granted.

Attest, J. BURTON, Register H. K. BAKER, Judge.

51

WHITE LEAD!

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